

The Qu'Appelle Progress.

Vol. VII.

QU'APPELLE, N.W.T., THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1892.

No. 35.

WINNIPEG.

DAWSON, BOLE & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Winnipeg, Man.

QU'APPELLE.

A. HOLLINGSHEAD, House, Sign and Carriage Painter. Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging and Kalsomining promptly executed.

A. C. PATERSON, Real Estate Agent, A. Desirable Farm Lands for Sale. Office, PROGRESS Printing Office.

CITY MEAT MARKET. Fresh Meat of all kinds kept constantly on hand, at lowest prices. W. H. Bell, Proprietor.

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G. S. DAVIDSON, Licensed Auctioneer, for the North-West Territories. Sales conducted on the shortest notice. Arrangements can be made at my Office, or at the PROGRESS Office, Qu'Appelle.

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S. H. COWELL, General Merchant.

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OCEAN STEAMSHIPS, ROYAL MAIL LINES. Cheapest and quickest route to the Old Country.

Mongolian Allan Line June 4
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Toronto Dominion Line June 15
Vancouver " " June 28
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Lake Neponi Beaver Line June 8
Lake Superior " " June 15
Lake Winnipeg " " June 22
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State of California Allan Line June 16
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Cabin \$40, \$45, \$50, \$60, \$70, \$80, upwards. Intermediate \$50. Steerage \$3.00. Passengers booked through to all points in Great Britain and Ireland, and at specially low rates to all parts of the European Continent. Prepaid passages arranged from all points.

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SUGAR CURED BREAKFAST B. CON.

HAMS, POULET, ETC.

Fresh Roll Butter and Potatoes as ordered. Bacon Cured at reasonable charges.

Vegetables fresh from the garden of Mr. Harry Mitchell will be kept constantly on hand.

THE STANDARD.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

This paper is pushing rapidly into the front rank of Canadian journalism. By dint of energy and enterprise it has succeeded in a few months in acquiring an excellent circulation, and becoming one of the permanent institutions of the country.

While it makes special of Territorial affairs, no important Canadian news is overlooked, and considerable attention is given to its columns to British and foreign events.

Subscription price, Daily \$6.00, Weekly \$1.00 per annum in advance.

J. K. McKNIX, Manager.

BURDOCK PILLS

A SURE CURE

FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION,

INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK

MIGRAINE, AND DISEASES OF THE

STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS.

THESE ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROFOUND.

IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID

TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE

TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC

AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

BLACKSMITHING

The undersigned has re-opened in his old stand, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line.

PLOW SHARES MADE TO ORDER

Special attention paid to

HORSE SHOEING.

Coal and Iron for Sale.

James McEwen

George M. Bailey HAS REMOVED

TO NEXT DOOR TO THE CANADA NORTH-WEST LAND CO.'S OFFICE.

Where the public will find in stock an assortment of Shoe Spurrs, Heavy Wax, Awls, Knives, Dubbing, Boot Polish, Boot Lace, and other articles. Sole and Upper Leather.

Boot Repairs promptly executed at reasonable charges.

The best Writing Pads and largest assortment of Envelopes are to be got at

CARTHEW'S

DRUG & STATIONERY

STORE.

NEW FIRM.

A FULL LINE OF

NEW GOODS.

CALL AND EXAMINE THE STOCK OF

J. B. HAWKES,

BALGONIE.

J. H. MacCAUL.

Door & Window Frames

In all sizes ready to be put together.

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General Insurance Agent.

G. H. V. BULYEA

QU'APPELLE,

Has just received a large consignment of

HOUSEHOLD

FURNITURE,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Intending Purchasers of Furniture are invited to call and examine the Stock.

CHOICE FLOWERING

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WHOLESALE & RETAIL

FORT ROUGE GREENHOUSE

WINNIPEG, MAN.

See Fort Rouge Catalogue.

R. JOHNSTON,

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DEALER IN

Canadian and Imported

HEAVY

Draught Horses.

LIVERY,

Feed and Sale Stable

First Class Rigs.

Daily Stage to Fort Qu'Appelle.

WM. BRYDON,

Druggist, Stationer

SEEDSMAN.

WATCHES

AND

Jewellery

REPAIRED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE

H. MILLIKEN & CO.

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Now offer

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HARNESS,

SADDLES,

HORSE BRUSHES,

CURRY COMBS,

WHIPS,

BELLS,

BLANKETS,

SPURS,

TRUNKS,

VALISES,

Special attention given to Repairs.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1892.

The Qu'Appelle Progress,

1. Published every Thursday

At The PROGRESS Printing Office, in the Town of Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, Canada.

The rates for our advertising space by contract are as follows:

One week, month, months, year.

One column \$6.00 \$8.00 \$15.00 \$60.00

Half column 4.00 6.00 12.00 40.00

Quarter column 3.00 5.00 8.00 30.00

Three inches 2.00 4.00 7.00 25.00

Two inches 1.50 3.00 5.00 20.00

Business cards \$1.00 per month payable quarterly.

The above rates do not apply to auction sales, entertainments, tenders, meetings, legal notices, or anything of a transitory nature. Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 cents per line each additional insertion. Yearly advertisements will be charged monthly, if often inserted \$1.00 will be charged for each additional change.

Business local, 50 cents for first twenty-five words, 2 cents for each additional word.

The publisher reserves the right to refuse to insert advertisements of a questionable or objectionable character.

Subscription price: \$1.00 per annum, invariably in advance; single copies 5 cents.

A liberal commission will be allowed to parties who are willing to act as agents for us. Write for terms.

Address, THE PROGRESS PRINTING CO., Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, Canada.

A. C. PATERSON, Manager.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1892.

The lack of interest shown by our Municipal Authorities in the sanitary condition of the town, to say nothing of what might be done to add to the beauty of the place, is to be regretted. Many of the towns along the line, possessing less advantages than we do, are by strict attention to cleanliness, made decidedly attractive. In them the filth that has accumulated in yards and lanes is removed with dispatch in the early spring, and everything done to beautify the town, make it pleasant to live in, and attractive to strangers. What have we done in this line? A number of our citizens have done all that is necessary, while others, perfectly indifferent to the requirements of the by-law regulating these matters, have simply done nothing. The Council considered it necessary in the interests of the town that such a by-law be enacted, and also that an inspector be appointed to enforce the provisions thereof. The season is now well advanced and still many of the lanes and yards are in a most disgraceful condition. If our citizens manifested one half the enterprise to-day, and were as solicitous about the health of our people and the appearance of the town as characterized the townships six or eight years ago, an indignation meeting would be called at once and steps taken to immediately improve the condition of affairs. We hear any number of complaints, but nothing is done. It is true that few people have ever seen the by-law, and the majority are totally ignorant of what is required of them by this carefully preserved document. It is clearly the duty of the Health Inspector to see that something is done at once. So far we have not seen any results of his labors. This officer will expect his salary at the end of the year, and if the Council considers, as has been done in the past, that he has not earned it, and refuse to pay him, the people will by no means feel satisfied that they have discharged their duties. That this work is done is vastly of more importance to us than the amount of the officer's salary. The responsibility of the Council does not cease with the appointment of the Inspector. We must have the work done, even if it costs double the amount or necessitates the appointment of an assistant, and we look to the Council to take immediate action.

Mr. A. J. Baker, Immigration Agent, Brandon, paid a visit to Qu'Appelle on Sunday last. His many friends were pleased to see him, but regret that the Government have decided to do away with the offices of Immigration Agent. It is not yet known on what allowance these officers will be superannuated, but in the case of Mr. Baker and other efficient officers the Government should deal most liberally. Mr. Baker has been in the employ of the Department for the past ten years, and has at all times worked most assiduously in the interests of immigration. It would be an injustice to him.

Mr. Bowers is the second

MAKING WAR PICTURES.

An Interview with a Famous English Artist.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAT.

I spent a delightful day once at West Point. Much of the great kindness which I received at the hands of Colonel Wilson and his staff of officers I owed to the charming memory left on their minds of the visit of the celebrated English war correspondent, Fred Villiers, who, at their special invitation, delivered there a lecture upon his war experiences. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that I recently paid a visit to Mr. Villiers in his charming studio and his surroundings. As I entered the studio I found him hard at work illustrating the remarkable series of articles which is now appearing in "Black and White" or the "War of 1892." Mr. Villiers is a man of about forty years of age, a strong, good looking, well set up man, bearing in his face the marks and memories of many curious experiences and vicissitudes the world over. A very kindly man this, very bright and energetic. A soldier, you feel instinctively to his very finger tips. The studio itself, full of the relics of many battle-fields, tells its own eloquent story. At my right hand stood the helmet of the Duke of Wellington, the helmet of many nations. The spear of Abyssinia, and the field of Tel-el-Kebir against a lattice work screen which divides the room. The cruel Mameluke knife so frequently alluded to by Rudyard Kipling sent a shudder through me as one looked upon its gleaming blade. Lattice work from Egypt, lacquer and looking glass from Burma, tapestry also from Burma, representing scenes in the tea forests, were there in rich profusion. A pathetic interest attached itself to the light remains of a mummy collar from which Mr. Villiers had torn off a girl's occupant of one of the tombs of the Pharaohs of Egypt. All these things and many more occupied my attention while Mr. Villiers sipped and lit a pipe which he told me had been given him by his celebrated confrere Archibald Forbes, who had smoked it all through the battle of Plevna, as he dashed hither and thither bearing a charmed life and utterly regardless of the bullets whizzing about his head. "Now, Mr. Villiers," I said, "I want you to tell me all your experiences, and how you manage to do these wonderful war sketches of yours with which we are all so familiar." "I first went out to the Crimea," said he, "to the Servo-Turkish war in 1876 as war artist for the Graphic. I was all through that campaign with the exception of the last battle, when I was recalled and then requested to go with the Turks. Having been with the Servians for eight months, I thought this was rather risky business. So when I got to Constantinople, having made the journey thither with Mr. Power, the Times' correspondent, I met a man who was known to the Sultan who gave him a firman which took him straight to the front. I joined him and went to the front with him. However, I returned there, then joined the Russians in their great war against Turkey which broke out shortly afterwards."

"How do you sketch on the field of battle, Mr. Villiers?"

"Well, I take very small sketch books with me, so small that I can hold them in the palm of my hand. These I continually use in taking notes of costumes, weapons, and sometimes position. So that I can hardly be observed, and so avoid suspicion on the part of the people there, I mean to sketch what is the soldier doing. You then have a rather large sketch book, and when I am directly an engagement commences and the attention of the people is drawn from me by the excitement of all that is going on around them. The details of costume, figures, etc., that I have previously been engaged upon whilst on the march I can work up on the spot, which is not always the case with other artists, who take a few notes and trust to filling in their work from memory after the fight is over. Of course, being a war artist, you are naturally expected by the officials to do you a favor to sketch, etc., but that is not the case, as the soldier is ignorant of interference with you. For if you attract their attention by using too large a sketchbook you may be arrested, and then there is no end of trouble and delay in getting your material home. Sometimes I have sketched on my thumb nail and other nails. I remember one difficult occasion during the mobilization of the Russian troops on the Roumanian frontier to avoid observation I began sketching on my thumb nail, which of course necessitated my taking of my gloves. I forgot it was several degrees below zero and nearly had my thumb nail frozen, though skinned and all, by frost bite. I only knew this when I arrived at my hotel and began drawing from the thumb. Not until then did I discover the injury, and the pain as it began to thaw was excruciating." "Can you get a good glimpse of the battle as a whole?" I asked. "Well, first of all, a battle is a most puzzling thing. You see troops marching hither and thither, guns brought up, desultory shots here and there, and then the booming of guns. You have probably been marching with a regiment of men wondering how on earth you are to get a picture in the utter confusion of the moment. When you are the brigadier, ride a horse, and the last thing you do is to follow him, and presently you arrive at some point of vantage. The brigadier will rein up, and in front of him you will see the mass of confusion gradually taking some settled definite form. You begin sketching immediately, not knowing how soon the troops will be engaged, or when indeed thus early in the fight may be the most important one of the day. The result is you are always at work. There is rarely any central point in battle. You never know what position will be the hard nut to crack, the turning point of the whole battle. For instance, in the morning you are out of the early morning mists which had been hanging about the valley of the Vist, a huge mound rises upon our right flank, and Krader was pounding away at it with his artillery. We at first thought the Turks had evacuated the position, and then some of us thought 'is it a position at all?' for not a puff of smoke replied to the Russian guns, yet that became the great Gravitz which was the bone of contention for months and months between the Turks, Russians, and also the Roumanians. In fact the first troops of Roumanians encircled it with their dead bodies for months together."

"Don't you find it to be a day rather intimidate you, or are you stimulated to special fervor?" "Well," replied Mr. Villiers with a smile, "there is always a tendency to duck your head when you hear the ping of a bullet. It used to pass off with me, for I would at once take out a sketch book. Then I forgot all. It is as good as fighting. But you never realize what a battle is until you see some poor devil carried off the field wounded to death. Then you know what it all means and what you are in for." "What is the most striking scene, Mr. Villiers, that is most indelibly engraved on your memory?"

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cool his head, fevered within, a very incarnate of war. He was a wonderfully well informed man. For instance, he knew every move in the civil war between North and South. He had always on a little table in his tent Schuyler's "Book of the War," few days before his death, how much an admirer Skobeleff was of him, which I could see pleased the old gentleman vastly, or as the Americans would say, 'it tickled the old man some.' I had many talks with Skobeleff when I was his guest for twelve days outside Constantinople. He used to say he loved the English, and he would long to meet them in battle to see 'what they were made of.' He spoke English perfectly. A brave, dashing, almost mad fellow like that was the very man to stir up the phlegmatic Russians and lead them to victory. But he proved himself a very very general in Asia after."

Drinking in a very interesting conversation during one of Mr. Villiers' visits to the studio, I mentioned the studio I found him hard at work illustrating the remarkable series of articles which is now appearing in "Black and White" or the "War of 1892." Mr. Villiers is a man of about forty years of age, a strong, good looking, well set up man, bearing in his face the marks and memories of many curious experiences and vicissitudes the world over. A very kindly man this, very bright and energetic. A soldier, you feel instinctively to his very finger tips. The studio itself, full of the relics of many battle-fields, tells its own eloquent story. At my right hand stood the helmet of the Duke of Wellington, the helmet of many nations. The spear of Abyssinia, and the field of Tel-el-Kebir against a lattice work screen which divides the room. The cruel Mameluke knife so frequently alluded to by Rudyard Kipling sent a shudder through me as one looked upon its gleaming blade. Lattice work from Egypt, lacquer and looking glass from Burma, tapestry also from Burma, representing scenes in the tea forests, were there in rich profusion. A pathetic interest attached itself to the light remains of a mummy collar from which Mr. Villiers had torn off a girl's occupant of one of the tombs of the Pharaohs of Egypt. All these things and many more occupied my attention while Mr. Villiers sipped and lit a pipe which he told me had been given him by his celebrated confrere Archibald Forbes, who had smoked it all through the battle of Plevna, as he dashed hither and thither bearing a charmed life and utterly regardless of the bullets whizzing about his head. "Now, Mr. Villiers," I said, "I want you to tell me all your experiences, and how you manage to do these wonderful war sketches of yours with which we are all so familiar." "I first went out to the Crimea," said he, "to the Servo-Turkish war in 1876 as war artist for the Graphic. I was all through that campaign with the exception of the last battle, when I was recalled and then requested to go with the Turks. Having been with the Servians for eight months, I thought this was rather risky business. So when I got to Constantinople, having made the journey thither with Mr. Power, the Times' correspondent, I met a man who was known to the Sultan who gave him a firman which took him straight to the front. I joined him and went to the front with him. However, I returned there, then joined the Russians in their great war against Turkey which broke out shortly afterwards."

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LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

The French war office has provided for the enrollment of between 6,000 and 7,000 bicyclists in war.

One of the largest camellia trees in Europe is now in full bloom at Pilnitz, near Dresden. It was taken from Japan 150 years ago, is fifty feet high, and has an annual average of 40,000 blossoms.

The Italian Ordnance Department is considering the purchase of a projectile which, when it bursts, will produce a luminous disk of 100,000 candle power. It would light up an enemy's camp with great brilliancy.

The difficulty experienced in European travel of finding one's railway carriage after leaving it to enter a station has been met experimentally on the Paris and Lyons route. A "natural history plate" is put conspicuously on every door, presenting the figure of some bird, beast, reptile, or insect.

Still another African traveller, Capt. Binger, has gone through the savage regions of the west coast and the Niger without an escort and in safety. This Frenchman says that the natives were everywhere peacefully inclined toward him, and he was surprised at their honesty. At one place he found five or six sheds filled with merchandise, and nobody was needed to guard them, as there were no thieves among the people.

A missionary of the Church of the Cross in South Africa has found a village of the greatest service to him in the towns of Charles, coal island, for San Francisco from Namibia, and which was wrecked off the Oregon coast on May 17, by an explosion. On the morning of the explosion Michael Flynn, the second mate, and a sailor, named Lenberg went to the fore hatch to get some potatoes. They had hardly disappeared through the hatch when the explosion took place. Flynn and Lenberg were thrown some distance in the air, and fell on the deck. Both were badly injured and burned. The ship was generally wrecked by the force of the explosion. The rigging was set on fire, and the pump would not work. Captain Chaplin, the master, and a crewman pinned to the floor under the furniture. His spine was broken. The men hastened to lower the three boats that belonged to the ship, and abandoned her in a short time.

When last seen the vessel was 200 miles from land.

The King of Sweden and Norway left Stockholm on the 5th inst. on a long journey. He will travel through the whole of Italy, Switzerland, and the South of France under the cognomen of Count Haga.

A fatal accident occurred at Gilly, Bellegarde on Tuesday morning in Trier-Kaisin colliery. A number of men were in a cage descending to the pit when the chain broke, and they were precipitated to the bottom. Five of the men were killed on the spot.

A novel method for calming the sea has been submitted to the French salvage Society by Baron d'Allesandro. He covers the surface of the water with specially prepared insubmergible thin netting, which acts like a bed of oil in calming the waves. At the breakwater of the Quiberon Peninsula in Brittany a netting of a thousand square yards was used, and the results were so satisfactory that a special commission has been appointed by the French Minister of Marine to investigate.

A fire broke out on Monday morning in a pine forest near Bordeaux, and intense excitement was caused by the danger of a conflagration.

As you correspond, "things are changed. Everything is altered" what with modern arms of precision, smokeless powder, etc. I firmly believe that men of the Skobeleff type will be the successful men of the future. A man who is not a "book" general, a man with a very active imaginative mind, who may be considered more or less mad, that is the man of the future. Skobeleff or Gordon. They upset all the cut and dried ideas of modern conventional strategy."

"As you correspond," replied the experienced war correspondent, "things are changed. Everything is altered" what with modern arms of precision, smokeless powder, etc. I firmly believe that men of the Skobeleff type will be the successful men of the future. A man who is not a "book" general, a man with a very active imaginative mind, who may be considered more or less mad, that is the man of the future. Skobeleff or Gordon. They upset all the cut and dried ideas of modern conventional strategy."

"It isn't a question," replied Mr. Villiers, "of a mad general leading his troops impetuously on to some forlorn position. But it is the man with mad ideas and yet with power of some execution who will be the leader of the future. Let me give you an instance. I knew Skobeleff well. Now, it is my firm opinion that this idea, which was suggested by my colleagues in black and white, is a good idea, and I am directly an engagement commences and the attention of the people is drawn from me by the excitement of all that is going on around them. The details of costume, figures, etc., that I have previously been engaged upon whilst on the march I can work up on the spot, which is not always the case with other artists, who take a few notes and trust to filling in their work from memory after the fight is over. Of course, being a war artist, you are naturally expected by the officials to do you a favor to sketch, etc., but that is not the case, as the soldier is ignorant of interference with you. For if you attract their attention by using too large a sketchbook you may be arrested, and then there is no end of trouble and delay in getting your material home. Sometimes I have sketched on my thumb nail and other nails. I remember one difficult occasion during the mobilization of the Russian troops on the Roumanian frontier to avoid observation I began sketching on my thumb nail, which of course necessitated my taking of my gloves. I forgot it was several degrees below zero and nearly had my thumb nail frozen, though skinned and all, by frost bite. I only knew this when I arrived at my hotel and began drawing from the thumb. Not until then did I discover the injury, and the pain as it began to thaw was excruciating." "Can you get a good glimpse of the battle as a whole?" I asked. "Well, first of all, a battle is a most puzzling thing. You see troops marching hither and thither, guns brought up, desultory shots here and there, and then the booming of guns. You have probably been marching with a regiment of men wondering how on earth you are to get a picture in the utter confusion of the moment. When you are the brigadier, ride a horse, and the last thing you do is to follow him, and presently you arrive at some point of vantage. The brigadier will rein up, and in front of him you will see the mass of confusion gradually taking some settled definite form. You begin sketching immediately, not knowing how soon the troops will be engaged, or when indeed thus early in the fight may be the most important one of the day. The result is you are always at work. There is rarely any central point in battle. You never know what position will be the hard nut to crack, the turning point of the whole battle. For instance, in the morning you are out of the early morning mists which had been hanging about the valley of the Vist, a huge mound rises upon our right flank, and Krader was pounding away at it with his artillery. We at first thought the Turks had evacuated the position, and then some of us thought 'is it a position at all?' for not a puff of smoke replied to the Russian guns, yet that became the great Gravitz which was the bone of contention for months and months between the Turks, Russians, and also the Roumanians. In fact the first troops of Roumanians encircled it with their dead bodies for months together."

"Don't you find it to be a day rather intimidate you, or are you stimulated to special fervor?" "Well," replied Mr. Villiers with a smile, "there is always a tendency to duck your head when you hear the ping of a bullet. It used to pass off with me, for I would at once take out a sketch book. Then I forgot all. It is as good as fighting. But you never realize what a battle is until you see some poor devil carried off the field wounded to death. Then you know what it all means and what you are in for." "What is the most striking scene, Mr. Villiers, that is most indelibly engraved on your memory?"

"Well, the one that stayed to me most is what I have seen after the battle. It is that that brings home most to you all the horror of it. It is the misery the wounded suffer a few days afterwards. One thing that always appealed to me the most terrible and the most dramatic, was the march of the Turkish prisoners through an ice-bound country, through Roumania to Russia after the fall of Plevna. That was a horrible sight, fellows dropping down through sheer starvation and weakness by hundreds daily. Outside one village after another I counted sixty bodies that had been picked up and left to rot, and collected round the mouth of a dissected drain pit. I knew Skobeleff well. He was a wonderful figure of romance. Tall, fine, well built figure, ready complexion, flowing yellow beard, blue eyes, rather a fine nose. During the campaign he would shave his head like a Mussulman. He was in the habit in the open field of taking off his helmet as though to

Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right.

The Nerves
seem strained to their utmost, the mind confused, and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Restores Harmony
to the system, and gives that strength of mind, nerves, and body, which makes one feel well.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1. six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

EXPLOSION ON A SHIP.

When last seen the vessel was sinking 300 miles from land.

A despatch from San Francisco, says.—The steamer Williamsley arrived here from the steamer of the same name of the Charles, coal island, San Francisco from Nanaimo, and which was wrecked off the Oregon coast on May 17, by an explosion. On the morning of the explosion Michael Flynn, the second mate, and a sailor, named Lenberg went to the fore hatch to get some potatoes. They had hardly disappeared through the hatch when the explosion took place. Flynn and Lenberg were thrown some distance in the air, and fell on the deck. Both were badly injured and burned. The ship was generally wrecked by the force of the explosion. The rigging was set on fire, and the pump would not work. Captain Chaplin, the master, and a crewman pinned to the floor under the furniture. His spine was broken. The men hastened to lower the three boats that belonged to the ship, and abandoned her in a short time.

The King of Sweden and Norway left Stockholm on the 5th inst. on a long journey. He will travel through the whole of Italy, Switzerland, and the South of France under the cognomen of Count Haga.

A fatal accident occurred at Gilly, Bellegarde on Tuesday morning in Trier-Kaisin colliery. A number of men were in a cage descending to the pit when the chain broke, and they were precipitated to the bottom. Five of the men were killed on the spot.

A fire broke out on Monday morning in a pine forest near Bordeaux, and intense excitement was caused by the danger of a conflagration.

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Good Night.

Down the long lowing cattle come;
The workers from the fields are turning home.
There are clapping farewells to the sun;
With horses from the west the goat's won;
With them the bairns, the bairns are all alone.
The children, tripping gay to the fair,
With each their bairns motor's ear.
With all the bairns another need must hear;
The peddler stops at the door.
The bairns open the door.
The bairns are on a thrifty bairn there,
And the bairns goods for home, the bairns fare;
The bairns' horse is in cocking chorus fly;
The bairns' song is the tufted grass below;
And all the scene is dimmed in hazy sweet
And good night.
There are no full of calm delight.
There all things murmur low a soft "Good night."

MAJOR RANDALL'S WARNING.

BY JESSIE MAGGIO.

PART I.

One wintry evening, Major Randall, home from the 14th Regiment of Hussars, came on leave from Madras, descended from the train bound to Boston, a small station on the line to Boston, Massachusetts. Although a tolerably fine day, when he landed, it soon after began to rain, and increased to a steady drizzle. "It's dark as if late at night. The rain is like a mist," said the Major, carrying a small portmanteau in one hand, a stout stick in the other, was well protected by a thick ulster; and lighting a cigar, he set off on a cross-country walk he had known well enough in bygone years. He was bound to an old mansion at about four miles' distance, on a few days' visit to his maiden sons, whom he had begged not to send a carriage to meet him at the station, as having business matters to transact in London, the date of his arrival could be very uncertain. Probably he now expected this decision, for, after proceeding some yards, he turned back towards the station.

"I suppose it would be impossible to procure a conveyance over to Crossings Hall," said he to the porter, who was watching from the door.

"Yes, sir. Unless bespoken, you'll not get nothing on wheels to-night. If you're bound to the Miss Ingrestes, you'd better not go by the footpath. We've had so much rain of late, the drains is overflowed, and the waters is out."

"But the road takes such a turn; it is augh three miles longer," said the Major.

"Bertie got a long tramp than take a short out to get drowned," returned the porter.

Major Randall laughed; but having lived so long in the world to despise local advice, he took the road. Then that was by no means safe; the drains, as they are called in the country, are in reality very deep canals, skirting the roads, with unprotected sides, and very easily washed by a person ignorant of the locality.

The officer started at first briskly; but the rain so fast that the atmosphere was blinding—a curtain, and he seemed to have on a little while, there is a faint sunlight for him to see the stones in their contours. He often lighted a fuse, but, unfortunately, they were soon exhausted. Occasionally, he saw the glimmer of a distant light, probably from a cottage window; but knowing that he was in the Fen country, he did not venture to seek it. The roads were perfectly open and unsheltered; if trees bounded them, they were tall poplars, affording no screen. And now the rain descended like a waterfall.

"A pleasant night this to be out in," exclaimed Bertie at his elbow, and he heard feet splashing through the slush beside him. "Perhaps we may reach a road-side cottage," said the Major.

"There are none. But I'll tell you what there is a little farther on—Bertie old church; it has a porch."

"That will do," said the officer; and the two quenched their pace.

"Here it is," cried the newcomer, presently darting to indicate that, being printed white, stood out ghostly through the gloom. "A short gravel path led across a small churchyard, bordered with tombstones, to the simple porch, with oak seats on either side, and well protected from the rain.

"This is a famous shelter," said the Major. "If you have a fuse, I will offer you a cigar."

"Thank you," replied his companion; "I never smoke. Listen! There is the cry of a hatter; that must be the clearing-up shower; they do not cry unless the rain's going off. I shall not be sorry to get home, for I missed my train, and have a long walk to reach Boston."

"I hope you know the roads well?"

"Bertie," said the other, "it is a pity that we have so much water in these parts; it gives Lincolnshire a bad name; and there's not a nice country in England in summer time; it encloses nothing but hay and the variety of grasses is wonderful to them as understand them."

At this instant the church clock in the old tower above deliberately struck the quarters and then the hour of seven.

"It's getting late," continued the stranger, whose voice was cheery and pleasant. "I suppose you're as bad as I am. I've had nothing but all day to do. It did not rain when I started to call on a person at Bury I wish to see; but he was out. Then I missed the train; and am almost drenched to the skin; though that can't hurt me; we Lincolnshire folk are said to be half-frogs, you know; and I laughed merrily.

"If I remember rightly," said the Major, "this road divides at Bury."

"Yes. One goes to Boston, the other to Spalding. We are about a mile from the village. Bless you! water is it hereabouts; it's not to what it was as once. In that case, you're saving the day; the road is filled with water directly; and as for Bury, I've heard my grandfather say he and another rowed through the village to the general shop to buy their stores; and shot wild ducks in the fields close by; so that the road was laden with provisions on their road home. My grandfather was a good shot; he'd been a soldier, and went through the Crimean War. These parts must have been bad in his day; and now I wish you good night, sir."

"Good evening," said the Major; "and I hope, for both our sakes, it will soon cease raining."

He heard his companion, whose voice and words seemed those of a young man, walk quickly to the gate and his splashing footsteps die away in the distance. The darkness was such that he never saw him, therefore, had no idea of his appearance. The conversation they held together was short and trifling, yet destined to be words of intense importance to one of them.

After waiting some little time, the rain abated, and the Major resumed his journey reaching his destination at half past eight o'clock, tired with his long tramp, and very wet. His arrival caused quite an excitement, for the Miss Ingrestes had given him a day.

How familiar yet how different did these faces appear to him—welcoming the bronzed, bearded soldier with the same voices, in their former affectionate manner, standing in the identical places in the entrance hall as in bygone years, when he visited them regularly at the vacations. Nothing had changed save themselves: the fine middle-aged women he had left were now too thin, wrinkled, old ladies—kind as ever, but more fussy as.

As for himself, the gay heedless youth was now the tall experienced soldier of many battles, who had more than once been wounded.

After the first surprise at his changed appearance was over, they soon forgot it, and he was the dear boy of former days. Seated at the hospitable table, when an admirable impromptu dinner was got up for him, adorned with its silver and crystal, also flowers brought in from the conservatories, surrounded by luxury, a splendid fire on the hearth, the red velvet curtains closely drawn, the carved oak furniture as he remembered it, and old family portraits on

THE SHADOW OF HERSELF.

A Sketch of the Last Napoleon's Widow as she Appears To-day.
(By a Correspondent.)

Farnborough Station is a lovely village with the old-fashioned cottages nestling in a valley, the relict of ex-Empress Eugenie and the burial place of Napoleon III. and Prince Louis.

A service in livery of the Countess Marie Eugenie Pistrucci, as the ex-Empress calls herself now, was waiting at the depot for the mail, newspaper from London and her beloved Paris. Entering into a conversation with the French valet I learned that visitors who wished to see "her majesty's" present home were quite frequent, and that there would be no objection whatever to my going over the grounds.

A few minutes' walk along a dusty, hilly road brought us to the gate of Farnborough Hall. It is a magnificent structure in the early English style, surrounded by groups of stately trees and huge patches of lawn that show a lavish display of landscape gardening. The picturesqueness, comfortable-looking building is of red brick, with granite ornaments in the lower part, while the upper stories are cemented and embellished with wood-work.

Farnborough hall is the model of an English country seat. It can boast of the most modern conveniences. All the gas is made on the estate, the water is heated, is heated by a huge heating apparatus, the water is supplied by steam from a neighboring lake, and all possible measures of precaution have been made in case of fire. The adjoining park is most skilfully laid out; there are ornamental lakes with bath houses and fishing cottages, terrace walks, vineries, lawn tennis, and croquet grounds. Also a kitchen garden, three acres large, with manufactory houses and a couple of stables are such shocking news."

"Indeed," cried Miss Ingrestes, looking startled.

"Yes, madam, Mr. Twyford, the miller at Merstoke last night."

"Shot? Old Mr. Twyford shot?"

"What a dreadful thing?" cried Miss Lydia.

It was coming home along the high-road. He was coming on gray Dohbin, an old horse; he was shot dead as he was riding home. She ran to the door just as he died; so she fetched a lantern, and found Mr. Twyford lying in the road. She grieved him, and the old gentleman was dead—shot through the heart."

"Now, madam, that's the strange part of it; his pins and pocketbook was untouched; he has a regular line and cry through the country to find the murderer, folks is a sorry old Mr. Twyford was as well known as Boston Stamp."

"You remember him, dear Mark, do you not?"

"I had forgotten his name; but I recollect going several times with the Vicarage boys to be weighed at the mill. He was a tall man, I think. His wife used to bring out window-wine. There was a daughter of any other woman in this century. She undoubtedly was the cause of her own downfall; her necklaces, extravagance, and capricious ways, and with all the force of her beauty, her dazzling career was not void of kindly deeds. She was one of the first to recognize Daniel's talent, and it was she who decorated Rosa Bonheur with the Legion of Honor."

Now she is all alone. The queen who spent 50,000 francs a day for her toilet, who reviled the wanton splendor of Louis XV., times in her festivals of unheard luxury at the Tuilleries and Fontainebleau, who dreamt of might, conquests that would make her the Empress of Europe and had the entire aristocracy of France at her beck and had now to be satisfied with a force of servants and two lady friends of her former household, that try in vain to make her life more comfortable.

She likes solitude best, and though high visitors are frequent, but few are admitted. Only Queen Victoria, who drives over from Windsor, is always welcome.

Most of her time she spends in meditation and prayer. As she suffers from insomnia, breakfast is served at an early hour. After the slight repast, she attends to her correspondence and writes a few pages of her memories that are to be published after her death. Before luncheon she drives to the village to visit some one who is ill, and on her return pays her daily visit to the manse, where she prays at the grave of her husband and son. And so the old gentleman who had a kindred heart would have a road to take.

She might grow up the beauty of the country. People would ride past the mill to try and get a peep at her. I have seen many beautiful girls, but never one so perfectly lovely as poor Elizabeth."

"Why do you say poor? Is she dead?"

"She may be; there has been no news of her for some years. Mrs. Twyford died, though; and perhaps Elizabeth had too much of her own way. She went on a visit, and became acquainted with a showy man, who was an adventurer; for it was told that his mother's daughter would have a road to take. He paid his addresses to her, but she repelled him, and so she fled to the churchyard, where she prays at the grave of her husband and son. And so the old gentleman who had a kindred heart would have a road to take.

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Town & Country Cullings.

—A number of cases of measles are reported in town.

—Mrs. Cockburn, of Brandon, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Cartew.

—A slight earthquake shock was felt at Lethbridge on Friday last.

—Mr. Geo. Cole, of McLean, had wheat a foot high on Sunday last.

—Mr. James Horne, late of the Queen's, was in town for a few days last week.

—The Whitewood Coffee and Chicory Factory was completely destroyed by fire last week.

—Mrs. Milne has arranged with Mr. Harry Mitchell to sell his garden vegetables during the summer.

—Qu'Appelle Cricket Club play the Police at Regina Barracks on June 17th, and Indian Head on the 27th.

—Dr. Willoughby and Mr. J. H. Coyne, of Regina, were in town on Monday on their way to Fort Qu'Appelle.

—We regret to learn of the death of the youngest son of Mr. Campbell, M.L.A., of Whitewood, on Monday last.

—Mr. Emilie Isabelle, of Strathcarrol in jumping from a wagon a few days ago had one of his legs badly broken.

—Our Cricket Club has had a valuable acquisition added in the person of Mr. W. H. Carter, late of Hereford, England.

The Regina Turf Club has decided to have a three days' race meeting on August 3rd, 4th and 5th. \$3,000 will be given in prizes.

—The rain fall during Saturday and Sunday morning amounted to 2.06 inches, the heaviest known in this section in many years.

—Mr. A. H. B. Sperling is utilizing his threshing engine in running a chopper in the old Police Barracks. He intends running it on Mondays and Tuesdays.

—President Harrison was the choice of the Republican Convention held at Minneapolis last week. Whitlaw Reid for Vice-President; McKinley not in it.

—Arthur Longpre, the six year old son of Mr. Longpre, of Strathcarrol, fell from a wagon on Monday last. One of the wheels passed over his head, inflicting an ugly wound five inches long. The effects will not be serious.

—The new proprietors of the Queen's Hotel are making extensive alterations and improvements in their house. They have had put in a complete system of electric bells which has added materially to the convenience of the hotel.

—Mr. John Tate, of Edgeley, met with a rather severe accident last week. One of his horses jammed him against the stall in his stable and fractured several ribs. He is able to be around again, but will not do any work for some time.

—Mrs. Carothers, who was committed nine months ago at Port Arthur to stand her trial for the murder of her husband, was acquitted on Saturday. Chief Justice Armour, in acquitting her, said "I hope your conscience will acquit you."

—The harness and saddle business heretofore carried on by the Concord Harness & Saddle Co. will hereafter be conducted by H. Milliken & Co. A full line of goods will arrive in a few days, and repairing will receive immediate attention.

—The Broadview Agricultural Society is leading the way amongst the societies in the Territories, and have decided to hold the ninth annual exhibition on Friday, the 8th July, when substantial prizes are offered for horses, cattle, sheep and poultry.

—Broadview will celebrate Dominion Day by horse races and athletic sports. When Broadview undertakes to celebrate they do it in right royal style, and we can confidently recommend anyone who is capable of enjoying a good day's sport to be there on the 1st.

—The death of Mr. Marshall in the prime of life on the 9th inst. was a particularly sad event. He had only returned from the east a few weeks ago in the best of spirits, and enjoying good health. Mr. Marshall was a young man of excellent qualities, highly respected by a circle of friends who mourn his loss. The sympathy of the community is extended to his sister, Mrs. G. D. McKay, and relatives in their bereavement. A brother of the deceased died less than a month ago.

DEATHS.

CAMPBELL.—On the 13th inst., at Whitewood, Edgar James, the young child of Daniel and Elizabeth A. Campbell, aged 17 months.

MARSHALL.—On the 8th inst., at Qu'Appelle, Arthur Marshall, youngest son of Thomas Marshall, Esq., of Leominster, England, aged 32 years.

BIRTH.

GLOVER.—On the 9th inst., at Regina, the wife of Mr. John W. Glover, of a daughter.

EDGELEY ECHOES.

The fortnightly races at Edgeley came off on Saturday, the 4th inst. The starter was Mr. A. Matheson, Jr., and the judges Messrs. Robt. Craig and H. Powley. The following were the results:

Pony race, under 14½ hands.—First, Maggie Brady, owned by Harry Craig; second, Grey Eagle, president and Dr. McLean secretary.

Ponies under 14 hands, 8 entries.—First, Blue Boss, owned by J. Howden; second, Spotted Jack, owned by J. Craig.

Slow race, open to all, 13 entries.—Winner, John A. McLean's Edgeley Plowboy, ridden by Mr. Lee.

Mr. J. P. Jones arrived ten minutes too late.

INDIAN HEAD.

Prospects are looking better since the rain on Saturday, although through this section the grain has not suffered any from the want of it.

A petition is now being circulated among the residents of the district asking for the Municipal Council to grant a bonus of \$3000 each on two farmers' elevators, one to be built here, and the other at Sintaluta. The balance of the amount required is to be raised by a joint stock company, the shares being placed at \$10 each.

It is reported that the mill has closed down for the season. Doubtless it will be more benefit to us in the ensuing one.

Our base ball team seems to be doing well. Judging from the way that they practice, we have no doubt that they will make a good stand in a contest.

The election of officers for the ensuing year of the Indian Head Lodge A.F. & A.M. took place last Friday, and the following were declared elected:—S. W. L. Wait, W. M. B. MacLean; S. H. H. Campkin, J. W. R. Crawford, Treasurer; Geo. Thompson, Secretary. We understand that this year the members intend to attend divine service at Qu'Appelle Station, on the 26th, with Qu'Appelle Lodge.

CRICKET.

The Indian Head Cricket Team played a match with the Grenfell Team at Grenfell on Wednesday, the 8th inst. Grenfell were the first to bat, and were all disposed of for the score of 39. Indian Head then followed and made a score of 104. Grenfell then went in again and made a score of 103, but time did not permit Indian Head to finish their innings, so the result of the first innings decided the score. The following is the score:

INDIAN HEAD.

1st innings. 2nd innings.
D. Elliott b MacLean 0 2nd and b MacLean 0
H. Green b Heffernan 2 b MacLean 10
W. Green b MacLean 10 run out 2
W. S. Aspasia b MacLean 3 b MacLean 3
B. S. Lake b MacLean 2 b Mason 13
W. H. B. B. b MacLean 11 b Mason 10
C. H. Tryon c and b MacLean 2 not out 37
E. Elliott not out 5 b MacLean 8
A. H. B. b MacLean 1 to bat 13
A. W. C. H. c and b MacLean 1 b MacLean 13
J. B. F. Rowley c and b MacLean 0 not out 5
Extras 2 Extras 6
39 103

COST OF THE EXPERIMENTAL FARMS.

A return was submitted on Friday showing the amount expended on each of the Government experimental farms since their establishment. The central farm so far has cost \$416,393; the Nappan farm in Nova Scotia, \$79,794; the Brandon farm, \$83,288; the Indian Head farm, \$90,307; and the Agassiz farm in British Columbia, \$56,390. The total cost of all the five has been \$727,772 of which \$356,535 is set down to capital account, and \$371,237 to maintenance.

METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The Methodist Conference was held at Winnipeg last week, and was largely attended by delegates from the different districts in Manitoba and the Territories. The Regina District was represented by Messrs. J. W. Smith, Regina; J. J. Young, Regina; T. L. Bray, Wolsley; G. W. Brown, Regina; D. H. Start, Qu'Appelle; B. P. Richardson, Grenfell; K. A. McGee, Wolsley. The Rev. John Semmens was elected president and Dr. McLean secretary.

—A number of cases of measles are reported in town.

—Mrs. Cockburn, of Brandon, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Cartew.

—A slight earthquake shock was felt at Lethbridge on Friday last.

—Mr. Geo. Cole, of McLean, had wheat a foot high on Sunday last.

—Mr. James Horne, late of the Queen's, was in town for a few days last week.

—The Whitewood Coffee and Chicory Factory was completely destroyed by fire last week.

—Mrs. Milne has arranged with Mr. Harry Mitchell to sell his garden vegetables during the summer.

—Qu'Appelle Cricket Club play the Police at Regina Barracks on June 17th, and Indian Head on the 27th.

Ponies under 14 hands, 8 entries.

—First, Blue Boss, owned by J. Howden; second, Spotted Jack, owned by J. Craig.

Slow race, open to all, 13 entries.

—Winner, John A. McLean's Edgeley Plowboy, ridden by Mr. Lee.

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—The rain fall during Saturday and Sunday morning amounted to 2.06 inches, the heaviest known in this section in many years.

—Our Cricket Club has had a valuable acquisition added in the person of Mr. W. H. Carter, late of Hereford, England.

The Regina Turf Club has decided to have a three days' race meeting on August 3rd, 4th and 5th. \$3,000 will be given in prizes.

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